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the earth and keen observation of all its tender and beautiful decorations, the furze, the bracken and the blackthorn, the meadows and the gorse, the great cliffs with their turrets, needles, scarps and counterscarps, and the changing faces they offer to the wheeling lights of night and day; here we have, too, all the shifting and unstable kingdoms of the sea. In a setting so lovingly and tenderly observed that it seems alive with a life all its own we have the moving pageant of a village full of folk. Nor is this world of people slightly built or fragile. When we come to the end we know each one as though we had been born and bred in Brixham where Berry-Head looks out over Tor-Bay. There is Holy John of great faith to whom, because he waits upon the Lord with patience, all things come at last; there is Lydia, the passionate and brave; Dick Varley, a beloved vagabond and a true philosopher; there is the lugubrious Emma Michelmore, who shed tears like the South wind because it was her nature so to do; there is Samuel Brokenshire, a village epicurean and a radical among conservatives; there is the delightful Titus Peach with the shell grotto in his garden and delightful activities among the colors of the barking yard; above all, there is Ned Major and Dorothy Honiwell and their beautiful, rustic idyll at Berry Farm on the cliffs. If in a novel so true to life, so impartial in meting out interest to the human creatures who are busy on the breast of the earth, one can be chosen as hero, it is perhaps Ned Major who holds our hearts from the first chapter at his mother's grave to the last, where at turn of tide he stands out on the bow of the boat and sees the old moon rise and disappear in the cloud banks while the morning watch shivers into being along the ridges of the sea. If in reading this novel one makes a constant silent comparison with the "Return of the Native" the one chapter in which Ned Major's romance flowers can only be compared with the famous chapter in "Richard Feverel," the "Diversions on a Penny Whistle." Eden Phillpotts belongs to the great tradition, and this is the greatest novel he has produced so far. No; great art is not dead. Greatness is busy upon the earth and will be forever.

It is difficult to produce an exact English equivalent for *Sehnsucht*. It is a Teutonic affection of the soul, usually com-

pact as is this story,* which bears the word as a subtitle, of sentimentality, scenery and sadness. The scenery here is excellent, the sadness intermittent and the sentimentality more or less interesting. If in no wise a great book, this story is prettily told, touching and delicate and ranks high above our own second-rate fiction.

Beyond question those will most enjoy "Penguin Island"† who best know the history of contemporary France, for it is all there, writ so plain that he who runs may read if he has also read the newspapers. But even the most cursory knowledge of events, from the Dreyfus affair to the Steinheil case, even blank ignorance, if such were conceivable, could not keep any one from enjoying the fine, strong irony of Anatole France, the delicate and merciless appreciation of human fallibility, the instinct strong as a coursing dog's, for all the doublings and self-deceptions in our play of motives. The first third of the book, moreover, dealing with the untoward baptism of the Penguins, the consequent necessity of endowing them with souls, and the development into modern civilization of these perfectly normal souls, is of universal and irresistible application. Nothing escapes him, nothing escapes from him. The most bigoted partisan of the archaic is wooed into inextinguishable delight by the chapters on the Penguin Primitives; the faithfulest hagiographer, the most impassioned lover of the saints, by those on S. Maël. The great tradition of satire throughout the ages awakes and speaks; Aristophanes, Lucian, Rabelais and Swift acclaim a younger brother. He writes in the ancient French vein, the vein of Voltaire as well as Rabelais; he offers the Gallic salt and the great laugh. Yet the tone is exquisite, the touch deft and dexterous past belief, and through and under all runs a delicate thread of tenderness almost, towards the creature kind, towards men who toil and suffer, towards poor, absurd human nature. Out of the Garden of Epicurus, out of that comprehension which, understanding and pardoning all, smiles indulgently, comes this memorable and irresistible piece of whimsical history.

* "Funchal." By Norbert Jacques. Berlin: G. Vischer Verlag, 1909.

† "Penguin Island." By Anatole France. A translation by A. W. Evans. New York: John Lane Company, 1909.